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She didn't have too much surprise, instead she was full of worry, biting her lip tightly.

At this moment, there was a voice from the crowd, "Sword Rushuang, I think you are nothing but this, claiming to be the number one master in the realm of God, but I can't find my position."

Hearing this familiar voice, Jian Rushuang's expression became even colder. He sighed, looked in the direction of Lin Ziming, and found Lin Ziming...

His pupils shrank instantly. This was not the first time he saw Lin Ziming, but he really did not expect that Lin Ziming would have the courage to appear here.

And the people who were originally confused by Lin Ziming saw this scene, and their brains exploded, especially the two little characters, now they are completely dumbfounded and dumbfounded.

"you you you....."

They stared at Lin Ziming, they couldn't even speak clearly, their scalp was numb, and even their breathing was short.

Lin Ziming turned around, smiled at them, and said, "I forgot to tell you that I am the wild species who killed Lei Zhen in your mouth."

Hearing these words, their bodies stiffened, and their brains were already completely unable to function because of the shocks and subversions they had never experienced before.

It's not just them, but the people around them. Anyone who has spoken to Lin Ziming is now a hell of a ghost, and they have never encountered this kind of thing.

Lin Ziming walked out of the crowd, and everyone who stood in front of him quickly dispersed, not daring to stop Lin Ziming at all.

"Lin Ziming!!!"

Jian Rushuang almost yelled these two words from between his teeth. The aura on his body radiated without reservation. There was no wind and waves. From his side, a strong wind rolled up, causing the two thousand present. Many people are frightened out.

Anyone with a discerning eye can see that Jian Rushuang is furious.

But Lin Ziming didn't move at all. His eyes were fixed on his mother Qin Yuehua, and for a moment, his mood became extremely complicated.

Missing, guilt, regret, anger, happiness, joy...

His heart is like a five-flavored bottle that has been knocked over, with all kinds of flavors.

"Mom, I'm sorry, I'm late." Lin Ziming walked up to Qin Yuehua at a heavy pace, and said guiltily.

When Qin Yuehua saw him, she couldn't stop crying. In this world, Lin Ziming was her only concern. She wanted to see Lin Ziming in her dreams!

But Wan Wanzhen had thought that he would meet again in such a situation. “Ziming, you’ve grown up, you’ve grown up...” Qin Yuehua couldn’t say a thousand words, and tears stayed behind, unable to stop.

So many people present were extremely moved when they saw this scene.

In fact, most of the people here know Qin Yuehua. As the previous generation of saints, they are also the best generation of saints in history. They have never seen such a soft side of the saints.

The mother-child family relationship is the purest and strongest emotion of human nature, and no one can separate it.

Lin Ziming knelt down in front of Qin Yuehua, allowing his mother to touch his face, feeling this deep-seated maternal love. He felt that this trip was worthwhile and the missing life was found back.